

FACULTY OF MUSIC
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Thursday Noon Series

12:10 pm • WALTER HALL
EDWARD JOHNSON BUILDING

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1988

ELIZABETH AUBREY
A RECITAL OF TROUBADOUR SONGS

MUSIC OF SOUTHERN FRANCE
FROM THE
TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES

Bernart de Ventadorn, c. 1150-1180
canço, "Can vei la lauzeta mover" (P-C 70,43)

Marcabru, c. 1130-1150
pastorela, "L'autrier just'una sebissa" (P-C 293,30)

Guiraut Riquier, c. 1250-1295
canço redonda et encadenada, "Pus sabers no.m val ni
sens" (P-C 258-66)

Guiraut de Bornelh, c. 1166-1211
alba, "Reis glorios, verai lums e clartatz"
(P-C 242,64)

Arnaut Daniel, c. 1180-1210
sestina, "Lo ferm voler qu'el cor m'intra" (P-C 29-14)

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• A D M I S S I O N F R E E •

Bernart de Ventadorn, canso

Can vei la lauzeta mover
de joi sas alas contral rai
que s'oblid' e.s laissa chazer
per la doussor c'al cor li vai,
ai, tan grans enveya m'en ve
de cui qu'eu veyau jauzion,
meravilhas ai, car desse
lo cor de dezirer no.m fon.

Ai, las, tan cuidava saber
d'amor e tan petit en sai,
car eu d'amar no.m posc tener
celeis don ja pro non aurai.
Tout n'a mo cor e tout n'a me
e se mezeis e tot lo mon,
e can se.m tolç, no.m laisset re
mas dezirer e cor volon.

Anc non agui de me poder
ni no fui meus de l'or' en sai
que.m laisset en sos olhs vezer
en un miralh que mout me plai.
Miralhs, pus me mirei en te,
m'an mor li sospir de preon
c'aissi.m perdei com perdet se
lo bels Narcissus en la fon.

De las donnas me dezesper.
Ja mais en lor no.m fiarai,
c'aissi com las solh chaptener,
enaissi las deschaptenrai.
Pois vei c'una pro no n'en te
va leis que.m destrui e.m cofon,
totas las dopt' e las nescre,
car be sai c'atretals se son.

D'aisso.s fa be fema parer
ma donna, per qu'e.lh o retrai,
car no vol so c'om deu voler
e so c'om li deveda fai.
Chazutz sui en mala merce
et ai be faih co.l fols en pon,
e no sai per que n'esdeve
mas car trop puyei contra mon.

Merces es perduda per ver,
et eu non o saubi anc mai,
car cilh qui plus en degr'aver
no.n a ges, et on la querrai?
A, can mal sembla, qui la ve,
qued aquest chaitiu deziron
que ja ses leis non aura be
laisse morir, que no l'aon.

When I see the lark moving
its wings in joy against the light,
rising up into forgetfulness, letting go, and falling
for the sweetness that comes to its heart,
alas, what envy then comes over me
of everyone I see rejoicing,
it makes me wonder that my heart,
right then, does not melt with desire.

I, weary, how much I thought I knew
about love, and how little I know,
because I cannot keep myself from loving
one from whom I shall get no favor.
She has it all: she took my heart, and me,
and herself, and the whole world.
And when she took herself away from me, she left me nothing
but desire and a heart still wanting.

I have never had the power of myself,
I have not been my own man since that moment
when she let me look into her eyes,
into a mirror that gives great pleasure, even now.
Mirror, since I beheld myself in you,
the sighs from my depths have slain me,
and I have lost myself, as fair Narcissus
lost himself in the fountain.

I give up all hope in women.
I shall not put my faith in them again;
as much as I used to hold them up,
now I shall let them fall,
because I do not see one who is of any use to me
with her, who destroys me and brings me down.
I shall fear and distrust them all,
because they are all alike, I know it well.

This is how she shows herself a woman indeed,
my lady, and I reproach her for it:
she does not want what one ought to want,
and what she is forbidden to do, she does.
I have fallen in evil grace,
I have acted like the madman on the bridge,
and how this came about I cannot say,
except that I climbed too high on the mountain.

In truth, kindness is lost from the world,
and I never knew it;
for she who ought to have the most of it
has none, and where shall I look?
Ah, you would never guess, when you look at her,
that she would let this man, miserable with desire,
who can never be well without her,
just die, just let him die and not help him.

Pus ab midons no.m pot valer
prec's ni merces ni.l dreihz qu'eu ai,
ni a leis no ven a plazer
qu'eu l'am, je mais no.lh o dirai.
Rissi.m part de leis e.m recre.
Mort m'a e per mort li respon,
e vau m'en pus ilh no.m rete,
chaitius, en issilh, no sai on.

Tristans, ges no.n aures de me,
qu'eu m'en vau, chaitius, no sai on.
De chanton me gic e.m recre,
e de joi e d'amor m'escon.

Since these things do me no good with my lady,
prayer, pity, the rights I have,
and since it is no pleasure to her
that I love her, I shall not tell her again.
Thus I part from her, and I give it all up.
She has given me death, and I will answer her with death,
and I am going away, because she does not retain me,
a broken man, in exile, I know not where.

Tristan, you will have nothing more from me,
for I go away, a broken man, I know not where;
I shall withdraw from singing, I renounce it,
far from joy and love, I hide myself away.
(trans. F. Goldin)

Marcabru, pastorela

L'autrier jost' una sebissa
trobei pastora nestissa,
de joi e de sen massissa,
si cum filla de vilana,
cap' e gonel' e pelissa
vest e camiza treslissa,
sotlars e caussas de lana.

Ues lieis vinc per la planissa:
"Toza, fi.m ieu, res faitissa,
dol ai car lo freitz vos fissa."
"Seigner, so.m dis la vilana,
merce Dieu e ma noirissa,
pauc n'o pretz si.l vens m'erissa,
qu'alegreta sui e sana."

"Toza, fi.m ieu, cauza pia,
destors ne sui de la via
per far a vos compaignia;
quar aitals toza vilana
no deu ses pareill paria
pastorgar tanta bestia
en aital terra, soldana."

"Don, fetz ela, qui que.m sia,
ben conosc sen e folia;
la vostra pareillaria,
Seigner, so.m dis la vilana,
lai on se tang si s'estia,
que tals la cuid' en bailia
tener, no.n a mas l'ufana."

"Toza de gentil afaire,
cavaliers fon vostre paire
que.us engenret en la maire,
car fon corteza vilana.
Con plus vos gart, m'etz belaire,
e per vostre joi n'esclaire,
si.m fossetz un pauc humana!"

"Don, tot mon ling e mon aire
vei revertir e retraire
al vezoig et a l'araire,
Seigner, so.m dis la vilana;
mas tals se fai cavalgaire
c'atrestal deuria faire
los seis jorns de la setmana."

"Toza, fi.m ieu, gentils fada,
vos adastret, quan fos nada,
d'una beutat esmerada
sobre tot' altra vilana;
e seria.us ben doblada,
si.m vezi' una vegada,
sobira e vos sotrana."

The other day, beside a row of hedges,
I found a shepherdess of lowly birth,
full of joy and common sense.
And like the daughter of a woman of the fields,
she wore cape and cloak and fur,
and a shift of drill,
and shoes, and woolen stockings.

I came to her across the level ground.
"Girl," I said, "beautiful,
I am unhappy because the cold is piercing you."
"Lord," this peasant's child said to me,
"thanks be to God and the woman who nursed me,
it's nothing to me if the wind ruffles my hair,
because I feel good, and I'm healthy."

"Girl," I said, "you're sweet and innocent,
I came out of my way
to keep you company;
for a peasant girl like you
should not, without a comrade near by,
pasture so many cattle
all alone in such a place."

"Master," she said, "whatever I may be,
I can tell sense from foolishness.
Your comradeship,
Lord," said this girl of the fields and pastures,
"let it stay where it belongs,
for such as I, when she thinks she has it
for herself, has nothing but the look of it."

"O you are a girl of noble quality,
your father was a knight
who got your mother with you
because she was a courtly peasant.
The more I look at you, the more beautiful you are
to me, and I am lit up by your joy,
or would be if you had some humanity."

"Master, my whole lineage and descent
I trace all the way back
to the sickle and the plow,
my Lord," said this peasant girl to me;
"and such as calls himself a knight
would do better to work, like them,
six days every week."

"Girl," I said, "a gentle fairy
endowed you at birth
with your beauty, which is pure
beyond every other peasant girl.
And yet you would be twice as beautiful
if once I saw you
underneath and me on top."

"Seigner, tan m'avetz lauzada,
que tota.n seri' enveiada;
pois en pretz m'avetz levada,
Seigner, so.m dis la vilana,
per so n'auretz per soudada
al partir: bada, fols, bada,
e la muz' a meliana."

"Toz', estraing cor e salvatge
adomesq' on per uzatge.
Ben conosc al trespassatge
qu'ab aital toza vilana
pot hom far ric compaignatge
ab amistat de coratge,
si l'us l'autre non engana."

"Don, hom coitatz de follatge
jur' e pliu e promet gatge:
si.m fariatz homenatge,
Seigner, so.m dis la vilana;
mas ieu, per un pauc d'intratge,
non vuoil ges mon piucellatge,
canjar per nom de putana."

"Toza, tota creatura
revertis a sa natura:
pareillar pareilladura
deven, ieu e vos, vilana,
a l'abric lonc la pastura,
car plus n'estaretz segura
per far la cauza doussana."

"Don, oc; mas segon dreitura
cerca fols sa follatura,
cortes cortez' aventura,
e.il vilans ab la vilana;
en tal loc fai sens fraitura
on hom non garda mezura,
so ditz la gens anciana."

"Toza, de vostre figura
non vi outra plus tafura
ni de son cor plus trefana."

"Don, lo cavecs vos ahura,
que tals bad' en la peinture
qu'autre n'espera la mana."

"Lord, you have praised me so high,
how everyone would envy me!
Since you have driven up my worth,
my Lord," said this peasant girl,
"for that you will have as your reward:
'Gape, fool, gape,' as we part,
and waiting and waiting the whole afternoon."

"Girl, every shy and wild heart
grows tame with a little getting used to,
and I know that, passing by,
a man can offer a peasant girl
like you a fine cash companionship,
with real affection in his heart,
if one doesn't cheat on the other."

"Master, a man hounded by madness
promises and pledges and puts up security:
that's how you would do homage to me,
Lord," said this peasant girl;
"but I am not willing, for a little
entrance fee, to cash in my virginity
for the fame of a whore."

"Girl, every creature
reverts to its nature:
let us become a couple of equals,
you and I, my peasant girl,
in the cover there, by the pasture,
you will feel more at ease there
where we do the sweet you know what."

"Master, yes; but, as it is right,
the fool seeks out his foolishness,
a man of the court, his courtly adventure;
and let the peasant be with his peasant girl.
'Good sense suffers from disease
where men do not observe degrees':
that's what the ancients say."

"Girl, I never saw another
more roguish in her face
or more false in her heart."

"Master, that owl is making you a prophecy:
this one stands gaping in front of a painting,
and that one waits for manna."

(trans. F. Goldin)

Guiraut Riquier, canso encadenada

Canson redonda ez encadenada de motz e de son d'en Guiraut Riquier, facha l'an M CC LXXXII en abril, e.l sos de la segonda cobla pren se el mieg de la primeira e sec se tro la fin, pueys torna al comensamen de la primeira e fenís en la mieja de la primilmeira aissi, quon es senhat; pueys tota la cansos canta se aissi: la primeira e la tersa e la quinta d'una maneira, e la segonda e la quarta e la sexta d'autra maneira; ez aquesta cansos es la XXa IIIa.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| α | A Pus sabers no.m val ni sens,
B qu'az amor aus ren desdire,
A que.m fassa voler, parvens
B n'es, qu'aman me deu aucire;
C tant li suy obediens. | Since knowledge is of no avail to me, nor wisdom,
and to love I can refuse nothing
that she makes me desire,
it seems to me that, loving, I shall have to die;
I am so submissive to her. |
| β | D Qu'ieu avia malanans
E estat d'ans .XX. fis amaire,
D e pueys a.m tengut .V. ans
E guerit ses ioy del maltraire,
F eras ay de mal dos tans. | For I had unhappily
been for twenty years a true lover,
and since she has held me for five years
cured, without the joy of suffering,
now I have two times as much anguish. |
| β | Eras ai de mal dos tans,
quar amors m'a fag atraire
ad amar tal, que semblans
n'es, que ia lunhs temps retraire
non l'auzarai mos talans. | Now I have two times as much anguish,
for love has made me attracted
to loving to such a degree
that it seems to me that still for a long time
I will not dare tell her of my desire. |
| α | Tant es nobla e plazens
dona, don non es a dire
beutatz, honors ni iovens,
ez a bon brat e dous rire
ab faitz, ab ditz avinens. | So noble and fetching
is the lady, whose beauty
one cannot describe, nor merit nor youth,
and she has comely arms and a sweet laugh
with attractive actions and words. |
| α | Ab faitz, ab ditz avinens
tolh a tot home cossire
o.l dona sos gays cors gens,
pus que son captenh renire;
quar sos belhs aculhimens | With attractive actions and words
she takes away care from any man
or gives him her sweet, gentle self,
since he contemplates her deportment;
for her fine welcome |
| β | es grazitz e benestans,
tant que quascus l'es lauzaire,
don sa lauzares es tan grans,
qu'ieu sai, que.m fai follor faire
amors, don no suy clamans. | is gracious and becoming
so much so that everyone praises it,
wherefore praise of her is so great
that I know I am brought to folly by
love, of whom I do not complain. |
| β | Amors, don no suy clamans,
m'a fag donar ez estraire
e dezirar pros e dans
ez esser ferns e canjaire
e percassar plors e chans | Love, of whom I do not complain,
has made me give and withdraw
and desire profit and harm
and be firm and changing
and strive for tears and songs |
| α | ez esser pecc e sabens,
que re no.l puesc contradire.
Donc qual esfortz fa, si.m vens
e.m fai languir de dezire,
ses esper d'esser iauzens? | and be foolish and wise,
for nothing can contradict her.
Thus, what is accomplished, if she conquers me?
and makes me languish with desire
without the hope of being joyous? |

α Ses esper d'esser iauzens
m'a donat novelh cossire
amors per lieys, qu'es valens,
tant qu'en perdos en sospire.
β Mas d'aisso.m conort al mens,
que tost m'aucira l'afans,
pus que senhor de bon aire,
ab que belhs sabers m'enans,
non truep, que pro.m tenha gaire.
Mas assajar m'ay est lans.

β Mas assajar m'ay est lans
ab lo rey, de saber paire,
Peire d'Aragon, qu'ab mans
bos faitz comple son vejaire
de malvolens e d'anans.
α E si m'es degutz gujrens,
Ye.l serai lials servire
e.l suy avutz ben dizens,
si non, cor ai, que m'azire,
pus sabers no.m val ni sens.

Without the hope of being joyous,
love gave me new trouble
through the one who is so worthy
that I sigh in vain.
But I find solace at least
in the idea that soon the suffering will kill me,
since no lord of noble birth,
though fine knowledge advance me,
can I find, who may be useful to me.
But I have to test this chance.

But I have to test this chance
with the king, the father of wisdom,
Peter of Aragon, who with many
fine actions fulfills his desires
in so far as evildoers and lovers are concerned.
And if he is to me a dutiful protector,
I will be to him a loyal servant,
and will have always spoken well of him;
if not, I desire that he hate me,
since knowledge is of no avail to me, nor wisdom.
(trans. M.L. Switten)

Guiraut de Bornelh, alba

Reis glorios, verais lums e clartatz,
Deus poderos, Senher, si a vos platz,
al meu companh siatz fizels ajuda;
qu'eu no lo vi pos la nochs fo venguda,
et ades sera l'alba.

Bel companho, si dormetz o velhatz,
no dormatz plus, suau vos ressidatz;
qu'en orien vei l'estela creguda
c'amenal jorn, qu'eu l'ai be conoguda,
et ades sera l'alba.

Bel companho, en chantan vos apel;
no dormatz plus, qu'eu auch chantar l'auzel
que vai queren lo jorn per lo boschatge,
et ai paor que.l gilos vos assatge,
et ades sera l'alba.

Bel companho, issetz al fenestrel,
e regardatz las estelas del cel!
Conoisseretz si.us sui fizels messatge.
Si non o faitz, vostres n'er lo damnatge,
et ades sera l'alba.

Bel companho, pos me parti de vos,
eu no.m dormi ni.m moc de genolhos,
ans preiei Deu, lo filh Santa Maria,
que.us me rendes per leial companhia,
et ades sera l'alba.

Bel companho, la foras als peiros
me preiaatz qu'eu no fos dormilhos,
enans velhes tota noch tro al dia.
Era no.us platz mos chans ni ma paria,
et ades sera l'alba.

"Bel dous companh, tan sui en ric sojorn
qu'eu no volgra mais fos alba ni jorn,
car la gensor que anc nasques de maire
tenc et abras, per qu'eu non prezi gaire
lo fol gilos ni l'alba."

Glorious King, true light and splendor,
almighty God, Lord, if it please you,
be a faithful aid to my companion,
for I've not seen him since night came on,
and soon it will be dawn.

Sweet friend, if you sleep or wake,
sleep no more; gently rise again,
for, in the east, I see the star arisen
that brings the day, and I have marked it well,
and soon it will be dawn.

Sweet friend, in song I call you;
sleep you no more, for I hear the bird sing
as it goes seeking the daylight in the woods,
and I fear lest the jealous one assail you;
and soon it will be dawn.

Sweet friend, go the window,
and look at the stars in the sky!
You'll know if I'm your faithful messenger.
If you do not, then yours will be the harm;
and soon it will be dawn.

Sweet friend, since I left you,
I have not slept or got up from my knees,
but I've prayed God, the son of Mary,
that He might return you to me in friendship;
and soon it will be dawn.

Sweet friend, out there by the steps
you begged me that I should not be sleepy
but should keep watch all night until day.
Now neither my song nor my company pleases you,
and soon it will be dawn.

"Sweet, gentle friend, I am in such a rich dwelling
that I wish no more for dawn or day;
for the most noble woman ever born of mother
I hold and embrace; hence I heed not
the jealous fool, nor the dawn."
(trans. A. Press)

Arnaut Daniel, sestina

Lo ferm voler q'el cor m'intra
no.m pot ges becs escoissendre ni ongla
de lauzengier si tot per mal dir s'arma.
E car no.ls aus batr'am ram ni ab verga,
sivals a frau, lai on non aurai oncle,
jauzirai joi, en vergier o dinz cambra.

Qan ni soven de la cambra
on a mon dan sai que nuills hom non intra
anz me son tuich plus que fraire ni oncle,
non ai membre no.m fremisca--ni ongla--
plus que non fai l'enfas denant la verga;
tal paor ai que.ill sia trop de l'arma.

Del cors li fos--non de l'arma--
e cossentis m'a celat dinz sa cambra!
Que plus me nafra.l cor que colps de verga,
car lo sieus sers, lai on ill es, non intra.
Totz temps serai ab lieis, cum carns et ongla,
e non creirai chastic d'amic ni d'oncle.

Anc la seror de mon oncle
non anei tant ni plus--per aqest'arma!
c'aitant vezis, cum es lo detz de l'ongla,
s'a lieis plagues, volgr'esser de sa cambra.
De ni pot far l'amors q'inz el cor m'intra
mieills a son vol c'on fortz de frevol verga.

Pois floris la seca verga,
ni d'En Adam foron nebot ni oncle,
tant fin' amors cum cella q'el cor m'intra
non cuig q'anc fos en cors, ni eis en arma.
On q'ill estei--fors en plan on dinz cambra--
mos cors no.is part de lieis, tant cum ten l'ongla.

C'aissi s'enpren e s'enongla
mos cors en lieis cum l'escors' en la verga;
q'ill n'es de joi tors e palaitz e cambra,
ez am la mais no fas cozin ni oncle;
q'en Paradis n'aura doble joi m'arma,
si ja nuills hom per ben amar lai intra.

Arnautz tramet sa chanson d'ongl'e d'oncle
a grat de lieis que de sa verga l'arma,
son Desirat, cui pretz en cambra intra.

The firm desire which in my heart enters
cannot be torn from me by tale-teller's beak or nail--
albeit he arms himself to speak evilly;
and since I dare not beat him with branch or rod,
then at least by stealth, there where I'll have no (guardian) uncle,
will I enjoy (love's) joy, in bower or bedroom.

When I recall the bedroom
where, to my cost, I know no man enters--
rather they are all more (hostile) to me than (her) brother or uncle--
I've no limb but that trembles--nor fingernail--
more than a child does at the sight of the rod;
I'm so afraid that I'm hers too much in soul.

Would I were hers in body, not in soul!
and that she let me, secretly, into her bedroom!
For it wounds my heart more than any blow of a rod,
that her servant, there where she is, does not enter.
Always I'll be with her as flesh and fingernail,
and I'll not heed the warning of friend or uncle.

I never loved my uncle's sister as much,
nor more, by this my soul!
For as near as is the finger to its nail,
if it so pleased her, I'd like to be to her bedroom.
The love which in my heart enters
can wreak on me better its will than can a strong man on a slender rod.

Since there burst into flower the withered rod
and from Sir Adam there came nephew and uncle,
such pure love as that which in my heart enters
I think there never was in body, nor yet in soul.
Wherever she be, out in the open or within my bedroom,
my yearn quits her not by so much as the width of a nail.

For thus my heart cleaves and clings with its nail to her,
as (close as) the bark to the rod;
for she is to me joy's tower and palace and bedroom,
and I love her more than I do cousin or uncle.
Hence in Paradise will my soul have twofold joy,
if ever a man through fine loving therein enters.

Arnaut sends his song of fingernail and uncle,
for the pleasure of her who arms him with her rod,
to his Desired One, who with merit in bedroom enters.
(trans. A. Press)